

12 JUVENILE RAMBLES.

not to be killed, they would then be of no use to us, and they would become even very troublesome to each other; for they would then encrease so fast, that they would presently eat up all the grass, and then they must be soon starved. This, my dears, you are sensible would be a terrible death, and infinitely worse than that they usually suffer. A short life and a merry one seems to be the allotment of these pretty creatures.

Though these pretty sheep and lambs will soon be killed; yet, while they live, they enjoy all the pleasures this world can afford them: they have fine green pastures to feed and ramble in; and when they die, they are missed by no relations, who can either get or lose a fortune by their deaths; for these pretty sheep are never one moment disturbed by the fears of future want, or those of losing what they at present enjoy. Were either of you, my little dears, to die, your parents and friends would cry for you, because they  
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can never forget you as long as they live. The care is very different with respect to these pretty sheep and lambs; for, though nothing can be fonder of their young than these sheep are, yet they do not spoil their lambkins in nursing, by being imprudently fond of them; while they are helpless, they take all imaginable care of them; but as soon as they can feed themselves, they let them suck no longer, drive them away, leave them to themselves, and take no more notice of them.

They continue cropping the flowery food till they are taken from thence to be brought to the market, nor are they sensible of their approaching fate, till the butcher's knife puts them to a little pain, which is soon over, and they are quite dead; and when any thing is dead, you know, it can feel no more pain. But how long and how much pain do some of us human creatures feel in our struggles between this and the other world! However, God has been pleased to order  
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